

Southern Comfort

The Orwells

Drink by drink, I think, I'm thinkin'
Why not train with me this week-end?
And I can't walk and I can't dance
Give me a smile and then take off your pants
Saw her eyes in the rear-view mirror
Girls in the back, trunks full of beer
Eyes on the prize, eyes on the prize
I'm not that open, I'm gettin' really wise
Coke and rum, can I taste your tongue?
Won't stop sipping till we're both numb
Lose that dirt and the short black skirt
Why the lip gloss and the tight white shirt?
Hand down my pants, hands on my grass
Got to the bottom of the bottom, but I still can't dance
Like this brother with the hand full of ass
Bad ass shades and a bag full of grass

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